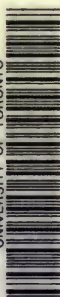


Amherst, J            H  
Ireland as it is.  
Original complete ed.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



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DICKS' STANDARD PLAYS.

# IRELAND AS IT IS.

BY J. H. AMHERST..



ORIGINAL COMPLETE EDITION.—PRICE ONE PENNY.

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# DICKS' STANDARD PLAYS,

AND

## FREE ACTING DRAMA.

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| 35. Castle Spectre.             | 100. The Bashful Man.                          |  |
| 36. The Heir-at-Law.            |  |  |
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| 45. The Beggars' Opera.         |  |  |
| 46. Isabella.                   |  |  |
| 47. The Revenge.                |  |  |
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| 49. Romeo and Juliet.           |  |  |
| 50. Sardanapalus.               |  |  |
| 51. The Hypocrite.              |  |  |
| 52. Venice Preserved.           |  |  |
| 53. The Provoked Husband.       |  |  |
| 54. The Clandestine Marriage.   |  |  |
| 55. The Fair Penitent.          |  |  |
| 56. Two Gentlemen of Verona.    |  |  |
| 57. Fatal Curiosity.            |  |  |
| 58. The Belle's Stratagem.      |  |  |
| 59. Manfred.                    |  |  |
| 60. Rule a Wife & Have a Whore. |  |  |
| 61. Bertram.                    |  |  |
| 62. The Wheel of Fortune.       |  |  |
| 63. The Duke of Milan.          |  |  |
| 64. The Good-Natured Man.       |  |  |
| 65. King John.                  |  |  |
|                                 | 125. Siege of Belgrade.                        | 189. Miss in her Teens.                              |
|                                 | 126. Samson Agonistes.                         | 190. Twelfth Night.                                  |
|                                 | 127. The Maid of the Mill.                     | 191. Lodoiska.                                       |
|                                 | 128. One o'Clock.                              | 192. The Earl of Warwick.                            |
|                                 | 129. Who's the Dupe?                           | 193. Fortune's Frolics.                              |



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# IRELAND AS IT IS; OR, THE MIDDLEMAN. A DRAMA, IN THREE ACTS. BY J. H. AMHERST.



## Dramatis Personæ.

[See page 10.]

*First Performed at the Theatre Royal, Adelphi, February, 23rd, 1857.*

RAGGED Pat (an Irish boy) ... ..	Mr. Barney Williams.
DAN O'CAROLAN (an aged Irishman) ... ..	Mr. Garden.
NEIL O'CAROLAN (his Son) ... ..	Mr. Parselle.
CONNOR O'FLAHERTY (Son of Judy) ... ..	Mr. Moreland.
THE STRANGER (Lord Squander) ... ..	Mr. Frank Hall.
SLANG (a Cockney) ... ..	Mr. C. J. Smith.
MAGISTRATE ... ..	Mr. James Bland.
STONE (a Middleman) ... ..	Mr. Charles Selby.
GASSEN ... ..	Mr. Henry.
CHILDREN ... ..	Miss Braithwaite and Miss Hamleton.
JUDY O'TROT ... ..	Mrs. Barney Williams.
HONOR (Wife of Neil) ... ..	Miss Arden.
FLORENCE O'CAROLAN ... ..	Miss Kate Kelly.

## COSTUME.

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DAN O'CAROLAN.—Frieze coat, corduroy breeches, red vest, a farmer's hat. *Second dress*: A large frieze overcoat.

NEIL O'CAROLAN.—A frieze coat, brown cloth breeches and gaiters.

CONNOR.—The same.

STRANGER.—A fashionable, modern travelling-suit, with large whiskers for disguise.

STONE.—Black coat and vest, breeches, Hessian boots, hat.

MAGISTRATE.—Black old man's suit.

RAGGED PAT.—An old frieze coat, patched and in rags; old patched corduroy breeches, hat with crown hanging out.

JUDY O'TROT.—A quilted petticoat and short gown, large bonnet and cap.

HONOR AND FLORENCE.—Neat, plain modern peasants' dresses.

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## STAGE DIRECTIONS.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.—R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; D. F. *Door in Flat*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*; L. U. E. *Left Upper Entrance*; R. U. E. *Right Upper Entrance*; L. S. E. *Left Second Entrance*; P. S. *Prompt Side*; O. P. *Opposite Prompt*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.—R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*.

R.

RC.

C.

LC.

L.

\*.\* *The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.*

# IRELAND AS IT IS.

## ACT I.

SCENE.—Interior of a neat country farm-house—large latticed window, R. C.—door, L. C., wide open, offering a view of a well furnished farm-yard.

FLORENCE at needlework, R.—NEIL O'CAROLAN L., writing in a ledger, and his wife HONOR, knitting—two girls in the back-ground at needlework. Irish air "The Harp that Once," &c.

Neil. (Closing the ledger.) Faith, and there's but little to cheer my heart when I sum up my profit and loss—rather let me say when I enter my losses—for profit there has been none this many and many a day; plenty would be the roads I can take for myself, but I'm distracted intirely, when I think of the wife and childer.

(Rises, comes down.)

Honor. (Rising also.) Don't fret yourself, Neil, sure now it's because the farm's running out, we must cut short our enjoyment, and endeavour to meet our difficulties by denying ourselves some few comforts; oh, darling, it's a pity you ever took the farm again at such a dreadfully advanced rent.

Neil. Is it yourself can tell me how I ought to have it? my father, grandfather, nay great-grandfather held this little estate.

Honor. (In tears, and leaning on his shoulder.) Och! I know—I understand your feelings, but think for a moment, only for a moment, eight times, eight times the rent.

Neil. Sure, it's true every word you say, but I was in hopes that my Lord Squander, the new proprietor of the estate, would visit it the time which was appointed.

Honor. It's deceivin' yourself you are, for few lords think of their tinants, except when quarter-day comes round; then, and only then, their letters arrive to distract and ruin them, if they can't raise their rents—rarely is a week granted, the middleman proceeds in his unpitying course, while the rale owner is ignorant of his supporters' sufferings.

Neil. Och, but that's true, Honor; his tinants after all are his supporters, and the best of 'em are often turned pennyless adrift to make room for some sly, sneaking, blarneying fellow, who in the end takes in middleman and landlord too. Well, if hard labour, if working day and night, avert this calamity, Neil O'Carolan shall not be found wanting, where work's to be done, or money to be earnt.

Flo. (Rising R. C.) Brother dear, if you could bring the mind of ye to speak to Mr. Septimus Stone the steward.

Neil. (C.) Faith, darling, but I have, and his answer was—you outbid my friend for this farm, and if you're not punctual in the payment of your rent, look to it, unless indeed you choose to exert your influence with your sister in the way I've more than once hinted at.

Flo. The odious man! I'd sooner work day and night in the open air, than marry such a black-hearted spalpeen.

Honor. (L. C.) Nobody's asking you, darling; I'd sooner see you barefoot, nay, more,—I'd rather shelter with my children under the hedge on the roadside, exposed to all the miseries of cold and hunger, than cause the blood of the O'Carolans to be mingled with that of an upstart wretch, who sprang from beggary and raised his fortunes by cruelty and savage extortions on the unhappy peasantry of my dear, dear, native Ireland.

Flo. Och, hone, I should like to hear of Connor O'Flaherty, for his good nature always dispels the clouds of misfortune.

Connor. (Singing without, L. U. E.) "St. Patrick was a gentleman, and came of dacent people," &c., &c. (Enter C. D., goes to Florence.) Ah, Florence, my darling, how fares it? hey dey—why Neil, what ails ye all? the blue devils seem perched on the whole family.

Neil. (L. C.) Connor O'Flaherty, it's courting my sister Florence there, ye're after,—but, perhaps ye're intirely ignorant of a great misfortune—that's come upon her.

Con. (R. C.) Faith, am I—which?

Neil. Then, Connor, larn; she is poor, not a sixpence has she in the world—we find our prospects sadly changed since we renewed our lease here, and he that takes her, must take her as she stands. What's your answer to that?

Con. (Kissing her heartily.) D'ye understand that, Florence?

Flo. (R.) Faith, but there's no mistaking that answer, it's mighty hearty after all.

Con. (Pulls out a ring.) And haven't I spoken to Father Flanagan, and is it a dirty matter of money that's to part a pair of loving hearts? Bad luck and a flinty road thro' life to the cold-soled wretch who'd buy the affections of a woman or sell his own. Faith, Florence, we shall be a pair of as poor, merry, happy devils as ever set Ireland an example how to rear a large family on a little money—look at the ring, Florence.

Honor. Come, let us try to be happy, and hope for the best.

Con. There's no philosophy like that, and I've made this morning call expressly to tell you the very same thing—for the bank is broke wherein my poor mother deposited all her hard earnings—

we're entirely aground, but thinking the shortest cut to settle this business would be to visit the landlord, the ould girl, unknown to us, tramps off to London on her ten toes, and only returned this morning.

*Honor.* I hope her visit was attended by a good result.

*Con.* Faith, but Judy, my mother, is not the person to open her mouth to please any one but herself. I told her I was coming here, and her only answer was—"Hop over the bogs, darlint, and I'll be after you before you can say whiskey." (*Goes up stage.*) I'll take a peep and see if—Faith, Neil, but here's Dan, your father, coming at a snail's pace, and looking as tho' his heart was too heavy a load to carry, without staggering under it.

(*Music—"Exile of Erin."* *Honor* and *Florence* place a chair, c.)

*Enter* DAN O'CAROLAN, *door, l. c., from l., a very aged man, leaning on his staff—he totters to a seat, heaves a deep sigh, and leans his staff against the chair, then sits.*

*Dan.* Och, Ireland, dear native Ireland, how art thou fallen among the nations! Thy children are crushed by those who should protect their industry—and turned adrift to satisfy the avarice of agents, who misrepresent the peasant, blazon all his faults, but conceal his losses, his struggles, and his self-denials—his hard, hard meal of vegetables, moistened with many a scalding tear. (*By this time the family have gathered round the patriarch, and affectionately soothe him.*) Ah! is it there ye are, darlins. Vain is it that I've wearied my feet over mountain and bog, to Castle Squander. Vain is it, I urged that this farm had descended from father to son, years out of count, and that owing to the failure of crops, and the loss of cattle, we'd maybe have to request the patience of the agent for another month. (*Solemnly.*) Och! childer, childer! if ever ye heard the voice of malice directing midnight murder—if ever ye saw the inflamed face of the murderer himself, savagely looking on the victim within his grasp—then you may form some idea of Mr. Stone, my lord's middleman. "Aye! I thought it—I knew it—I foresaw it!" screamed he. "Ye shall out, every mother's son of ye, unless the rent be paid. No answer, sir! The earth for your bed, the sky for your covering. Your son Neil outbid my friend, sir, for this very farm. I remember your daughter Florence rejected my hand for young Connor O'Flaherty. I remember that too, so that it's little ye're to expect from me, Dan O'Carolan."

*Neil.* (*Interrupting eagerly.*) And what answer did ye give to him?

*Dan.* None, not the least in life. Words, boy, are no weapons. This way of behaving calls for thought. No nobleman would destroy his own estate by countenancing such savage conduct to his peasantry. The only difficulty arises from the short time that must pass between the middleman's threat and his execution of it. This will not allow even a letter to find its way to England, ere the evil can be consummated.

*Judy.* (*Without l. v. e.*) "Och, the boys of Kilkenney, they're nate rowing blades," &c.

*Con.* (*R.*) It's my mother coming now.

*Enter* JUDY O'FLAHERTY, *hastily, c. d.*

*Judy.* (*R. c., good humouredly.*) So, Connor

O'Flaherty, it's there ye are, darlint. Well, where better could ye be, than courting your own natral and lawful sweetheart, Florence O'Carolan? and Florence herself is of my mind, I'll engage. Faith, Dan, my darlint, ye're looking as if ye'd swallowed a noggin of misfortune. Och, joy! there's a day for the poor of ould Ireland yet, as sartain as ever the joking gassoons have christened me Judy O'Trot—while my rale name, by birth and idication, is Judy O'Flaherty—bad luck to the mis-spelling of spalpeens.

*Dan.* (*L. c.*) It's anxious we are to learn the result of your journey to England.

*Judy.* England! Och, there it's ye're mistaken intirely; I nivr set eyes on England, jewel, because I only travelled to London.

*Con.* Let us hear the particulars, mother. I'm thinking you've not met a smooth way the whole road.

*Judy.* Faith, an' ye may say that, Connor, wid all the truth in life; for I rode outside the coach more than half the way, which half, from the lumps and bumps I received, seemed longer than the whole—so I jumpt from the top to the bottom, rimimbring not to forget the gossouns had called me Judy O'Trot, and trasting to my tin toes, I did trot, and found out Squander House in London.

*Dan.* (*Half aside.*) Why did I not think of this? And you found his lordship's dwelling easily?

*Judy.* The divil a ha'porth of your aisy was there in the matter. I was bothered to find London for the houses; and the people talk wid a brogue ye might out asunder wid a knife—no blame to 'em, poor souls, for the want of idication. Och, I says, if I had ye at County Tipperary, wodn't the Flahertys, the Shaughnesses, the Carrols, and the Flannagans, tache ye iligant speech. But myself found the house about one o'clock at night, where there was a great hubbadoo, and dancing, and singing, and bawling; and when I axed the meaning of it all, they told me it was a row—a fashionable row. Oh, ye divil, Connor! I think me of the heads and other broken limbs ye're always getting at the rows at Donnybrook, tho' it's far ye travel for it. Well, honies, I axed for my lord, but the poor ignorant errators cudn't be made to understand. So, watching my opportunity, I bolted up-stairs, pushed open a large pair of red doors, and found myself, Judy O'Flaherty, in the midst of lords, ladies, futmen, and fiddlers. Good luck to ye, darlins, says I—if it's dancing ye are—och, Garryowen for ever! (*Leaps about.*)

*Honor.* (*L. c.*) Wonderful!

*Neil.* (*L.*) It is my own ear that witnesses this tale, or I couldn't credit it.

*Flo.* (*R.*) And weren't you terrified?

*Judy.* (*R. c.*) Terrified is it you mane? Terrified—Judy O'Trot terrified at a gentleman! And is it the likes of you, Florence Carolan, to ax that foolish question? Ye'll hear how much I was terrified. One of 'em—St. Patrick knows who, but covered he was all over with lace, from head to feet—just said, "Pray, madam," says he, "to what are this honourable company indebted for the favour of this visit?" holding all the while a tray full of drinkables. That didn't terrify me in the laste, as ye may well engage, Florence—for the powdered boy was mighty civil—and so I said, "To the divil I pitch all apologies, darlint. Here's long life to ye," and I emptied a tumbler



of something warm and good, and I told the gossoon I had a small matter of business to settle with his master, the lord, and if it was not convenient to lave off the jigs, I could sit down for the night among 'em.

Con. And did they permit that?

Judy. Faith, did they, and mighty glad the chance they seemed. Some said I was an original. "No names, ladies," says I, "for I've the blood of the Flahertys in my veins." But the Christians pacified me with another tumbler of the warm, and said they meant only to say I was a character. "Och, jewels," says I, "I have a character,"—for Judy's not the boy to take offence at thrides. "D'ye think I'd have walked on my two feet all the ways from Ireland, to see his lordship, to help me out o' my little troubles, and to settle the child Connor, and then to be cantankerous? Faith, and it's little ye know of Judy O'Trot to suppose that thing." Upon which a tall lady in black—Heaven speed her!—came up and tuk my hand, while she loked in my face, wid de water in her eyes, and axed me in a trimpling tone if I had walked all the way from my own natral parts at home? "And sure I did, ma'am," says I, "or Judy would scorn to say that thing—bating the wather and the coach, which was no help at all, at all!" Well, after that, she put me to bed wid her own iligant hands; and, after axing all manner of questions about the farm and some dirty blackguards that shall be nameless, she tould me my business should be settled intirely in the morning. And faith, so it was, for I've that in my pocket will startle somebody—I don't say who—only the first lether of his name's Stone.

Honor. (L. c.) Ah! had we but thought of telling ye of our hard case.

Judy. Faith, more's the pity ye didn't, for I'd have made it known in a jiffy, and so have killed two stones wid one bird—but I saw no more of the lady in pusson ixcept by lether. (*Unpins a letter from her bosom.*) Here's the scratch, all in lines straight as a railroad. Here, Connor, darlin', spill that.

Con. To Mrs. Judy O'Flaherty.

Judy. Och, manners—to Mrs. Judy—illigant that—flatter myself, only my indication didn't ix tind that length, but barring the writing and spilling and reding. Judy's a broth of a boy in thim matters.

Con. (*Reading.*) "Mrs. Judy Flaherty is requested to use the enclosed ten pounds to convey her homewards immediately to her family; her other desire has more than been complied with, as she will find by a parcel, which will be delivered by the bearer, who will see her safe to the coach office."

Judy. Faith, and the powdered boy did that thing nately and ginteely. "A good journey to ye, Mrs. O'Flaherty," says he; "The same, sir," says I, "to you, an maun on 'em—give my love to my lord, and my duty to yer mistress, wid my compliments to yourself." Och, darlints, thim I was on the road before ye could say whiskey, and an't I here to tell ye the news!

Enter RAGGED PAT, hastily, c.

Pat. (L. c.) O, Dan—Dan, there's that devil's bird, Stone, the middleman, that wo'd sour the butther-milk by his ill-look, making towards the farm. Shall myself and a few dacent Christian boys pitch him into the bog? We'll do that thing

if ye'll only wink wid your litle finger, be dammed to him, the dirty old blackguard.

Honor. The wretch!

Flo. Unfeeling monster!

Judy. The big black blackguard!

Neil. The whole blood of me is in a flame!

Con. On my life, Pat, I must knock his brains out!

Pat. (*On the L. of Dan.*) 'Pon my conscience, I'll take that throuble off your hands wid all the satisfaction in life.

Dan. (*Rises, Florence takes back the chair.*) No violence, boys, we'll stive to get the wrongs we suffer amended, but we'll break no law, we'll use no violence; could you even succeed for a time, think how fearful and bloody would be the consequence; on every trifling quarrel the instruments of death would be in your hands, the curses of the widow and the fatherless fill the land.

Honor. Ah, for heaven's sake think of that.

Neil. My father's right, very right, quite right.

Dan. Then, darlings, there's another reason the ould man has to show, it's as plain as the sun at meridian day, that we and most of the peasantry are infamously belied—our enemies, who wish to fright away the owners of estates, and cover their own wicked misconduct, represent us as barbarous blood-hunters, opposers of decency and defiers of the law; let our conduct give back the lie and prove that the Irish poor are as honest, self-governed, and hospitable as any race of men in ancient or modern history.

(*Dan goes and sits R. c., and takes the children on his knee.*)

Neil. Oh, my father!

(*All go up to R. c., except Pat and Judy.*)

Pat. The ould gentleman has brought the wather into every eye I have in my head. Mrs. Judy, ye haven't a drop o' the crater about ye, have ye, to soften the sorrows of one of the Irish pisantry?

Judy. (*Takes bottle out of pocket.*) Here, ye blarneying devil ye.

(*Puts the bottle to Pat's mouth.*)

Pat. Faith, now, but I'll listen to ye, the whole day and night, backed by such a spirited argument as this. (*Drinks.*)

Connor. (*Looking R. c.*) Faith then, here comes Stone himself. (*Crosses to L. c., with Honor.*)

Pat. If that same Stone was chucked into the river, I'm thinking how nately he'd sink to the bottom. Pat wodn't break his neck to fish him up again.

Judy. Dan, my darling, ye've bothered me wid your ancient and modern spaches, but a word wid ye. I'm resolved to manage my own affairs wid my own hands, as far as that Stone's concerned, divil's cure to him, Judy O'Trot will do the illigant thing.

Enter STONE c. from L., Dan retires, Connor and Florence go down to R. c., he has hold of her hand.

Stone. (L. c.) So, so, Florence hand in hand with young Connor, umph. Well, I suppose you see I'm here. Who am I?

Pat. (c.) Ye're a stone, and a stone's widout blood or heart.

Judy. (c.—*aside.*) I'll give that sensible boy another drop of the crater. Pat, ye divil, here.

(*They go up c., she puts the flask to Pat's lips.*)

Stone. Insult is not payment. Money I want,

and money I must and will have. You can't expect indulgence from me. I have the sheriff and officers at hand, to distrain Judy O'Flaherty or Judy O'Trot's goods and turn her out. Your turn will come next, Daniel.

Judy. (*Aside.*) Many thanks to ye, Mr. Stone, Esq. Pat, wait till a while ago.

(*Gives him a drink from the flask.*)

Pat. I'll do that thing. (*Drinks it up.*)

Stone. Therefore, ye'll prepare yourselves to seek another habitation, and you'll understand it's a capital felony, visited with transportation for life, if a single article should be removed from the premises before my lawful dues are satisfied.

(*They all kneel, and the men, who have taken off their hats on Stone's entrance, are thunderstruck by Old Dan, who, tearing open his neck-cloth, utters in a loud and most commanding voice*)—

Dan. Stand upon your feet like men, like honest men and upright Irishmen—ye should have ould Daniel's curse if you could kneel or crouch before that upstart, in sorrows and oppression; kneel there—(*pointing upwards*)—and there ye'll be heard and answered all in good time. (*To Neil and Connor, who have taken off their hats during the old man's solemn appeal.*) Put on your hats, boys, and listen to this man's message.

(*Dan returns to his seat.*)

Stone. Oh, I've nothing more to say; only you'll remember you're joint security with your son for this farm.

Judy. (*Advancing.*) And after this illigant behaviour, maybe ye'll go home and ate your pratees wid as good an appetite as iver.

Pat. Sure will he, a stone wouldn't choke him, the jackall that he is.

Stone. I've a seizure against you, Mrs. Judy.

Judy. Och, the housebreaker, if ye lay a finger on a pig or tunder-box, or any other animal that in my nate white cot yonder, I'll bate you blue intirely. Och, look to his wig, it's the colour of his heart—the canting, blarneying rapscallion—what's the like of that, Pat?

Pat. A stone.

Stone. You'll change your note to-morrow.

Judy. By the powers, but I've changed it to-day, and put the money in a hole up the chimney.

Stone. What?

Judy. What! Bad manners to yer schoolmaster, it's little good ye'll get of me anyhow. I'm an ancient modern hero of a woman, as Dan O'Carolan says in his illigant speech, and I'll not demano myself to such a stone.

Stone. Upon my life I think the woman's mad.

Judy. No more a woman than yourself, ould Stone. Woman is it ye mane, ye ould deceiver, ye defamer of the fair and tunder six? Have I, Judy O'Trot, travelled in a ship by land, and atop of a coach by water, to be called a woman by the likes of you? Maybe ye'll write squire to the ind of my name yet, ye stone ye. (*Pulls lease out of her pocket.*) Rade that, ye destroyer, and thin ax yourself whether ye haven't got a pain in your back, ould Stone? (*He looks at lease, and lets it fall.*) Take a lady's advice, ould Stone, and get out of that. What, ye're bothered intirely—rade, Connor, boy, till every hair in the ould rapscallion's wig stands as upright wid fright as a poker. Rade, boy, rade!

Con. (*Having taken it up.*) As I live, it's a full discharge of all our past debts and the renewal of our lease, during my mother's life and mine, at a nominal rent of four pounds a-year.

Stone. (*Maliciously.*) It's a pity, Daniel, you have no such document; ere it be long ye shall hear of me, I promise you.

[*Exit, c. to L.*]

Judy. Paddy, ye'd betther be after showing him the way.

Pat. I'll do that thing when I've collected my toothpick. (*Takes an immensely big stick.*)

Judy. It's an engaging lad ye are, Pat.

Pat. Barring the brogues, och!

[*Leaps and exit, c. to L.*]

Neil. There's evil in the steward's eye and the devil in his heart.

Honor. I dread to think upon the consequences of the rage and the disappointment of his malice.

Judy. Faith, and no fluster at all, at all. I'll sell the pigs and the old cock and hen, and all the other moveables, before the hair of your heads should be touched by a Stone.

Dan. Our trials will be many and severe, but our neighbour's success inspires me with hope—so much goodness cau only proceed from hearts of benevolence; therefore, ould as I am, I'll see London myself. (*Noise.*)

Enter PAT, C., from L., running.

Pat. Och, great bad luck is it I have to tell. A foreign Frinchman has pitched hisself and his horse over the cliff, one of 'em kilt intirely.

All. Which? which?

Pat. Och, the horse, of coorse; the jittleman scrambled up, and squatting on the banks, rubbing his feet, says I, "Long life to your honour, is it any physie ye're needing after your tumble? Say the word, and I'll fetch Phelim O'Drench, the horse doctor." But the crater ould smiled, and said, "Paddy, parlez vous Français?" "Och," says I, "that's Irish, owunly I don't understand your brogue; but I'll run for ould Dan O'Carolan, and he'll give ye help before you can say slips."

Honor. What can we do, our means are so small?

Mo. And but one respectable bed in the house.

Dan. Then smooth it down for this unfortunate sufferer, stir about and make this unhappy being welcome. Hospitality at all times is ould Ireland's boast, and the practice of this duty places the peasant owner of the meanest hovel on a par with the proudest peer Great Britain boasts. Come, lads, come.

[*Exeunt c. and off L.*]

(*Music.—The women retire and place the room in order, then return, awaiting respectfully the entrance of the STRANGER, who, leaning on the men, advances, seats himself in the centre, first bowing to the ladies.*)

Stran. Ah, messieurs et madames, I thank all every von for dis honneur. Je vous remercie de tout mon cœur. (*Perceiving Pat.*) Ah, mon bon ami, how you find yourself out to-day? I hope you understand what I say.

Pat. (*L. c.*) Understand ye—snre and I do, it's all as clear as the mud in the Liffy, ixcepting that bit of an engaging brogue you have, joy.

Stran. (*c.*) Aha, my friend Pat, you shall understand dis. (*Offers coin.*)

Pat. No, yer honour; my namesake, St. Patrick,

who was christened afther me, was a gintleman, and it's beneath his discindants, to take dirty money for helping a furriner out of the mud.

Judy. More power to yer elbow, Pat; here.

(Crosses, gives him whisky, he drinks and exits c. to L.)

Honor. (L. c.) If you have received the least hurt, a plain but clean bed is prepared for you.

Neil. (L.) Consider yourself as master of this humble roof, and make yourself at home.

Stran. Mais, I am oblige to you, from top to bottom all over—mais, what can I—

(Pulls out purse, again.)

Dan. (R., mildly and firmly.) Put up, sir!—a stranger it's plain ye are, or you'd know the poorest of Ireland's children never sell their humanity. (Pat runs in and whispers Dan, R. c.) Whist! don't distress the stranger wid the news, darlint; Judy, ye'll remain and see to the accommodations; it's yourself knows our errand.

[All exeunt to L., but Judy and Stranger.

Stran. Ah, but it's noble—cette conduit la est bein noble trouvez vous, nest ce pas, madame. I beg myself out of your pardon. I don't know which and who is your name?

Judy. Judy O'Flaherty, or if you plase, Judy O'Trot.

Stran. Judy, if you please, O'Flanigo Trot, ah, mon dieu, c'est bien difficile a prononcer que cette appellation la.

Judy. (Bawling.) Which!

Stran. A hard name to speak from my mouth. I shall break some of my jaws, Judy O'Trot.

Judy. Och, darlint, it's nothing whin ye're used to it, but is it sprained yer ankle is? there's as nate a bed as ever a—

Stran. Ah, mais excusez moi—your pardon, you are so agreeable dat you drive all my slips away—you are so like a French lady dat—

Judy. Faith, and it's myself always had a turn for iligance, in spite of my teeth, but it's getting dark, and ye must go to the bed or I'll get a bad carakter and if ye hear a bit of a scrimmage, and one Stone sho'd whisper a word or two of a broken head, ye'll jist rimimber it's only a pleasant drame ye've got, and turn about on the other side of ye, and slape like a milestone till the morning.

Stran. Bon repos, Madam Judy,—O—o,—I don't know—bote keep out your heart, laugh to-day and cry to-morrow, is always de French motto.

Judy. Right, monsieur, right, och, joy—bad luck now—worse another time.

Stran. Is this what you tink—ah, bravo—bravo!

(He retires to the bedroom, L. 2 E., Judy looks out, and the family party re-enter despairingly, c.)

Honor. Beggary and ruin must be our lot—they come—my children, oh, my children!

Judy. Och, thin that devil's bird, Stone, is upon ye, to take away every stick—hard fortune to him.

Con. Mother, dear, something must be done.

Judy. Here's the kay, run and get five pounds out of the chimney—the silver watch, the pig and the cow, that's more than will pay the rint twice over. (Speaks to Connor, who goes off hastily, L. c.) Sure, and there's no occasion to cast down your hearts—the boy'll reach the white cottage yonder in a jiffy.

Enter STONE and SHERIFF, with OFFICERS, L. c.

Stone. Seize on everything. Whistle, if the least resistance is made, and an armed body of police will rush to your assistance.

(Takes hold of chair.)

Judy. (L. c.) Hold off your dirty hands—the boy Connor has run to my white cot yonder for the money. He'll be back, I warrant, in a twinkling.

(Lights down. Low hurry.—The distant cot bursts into flames—the characters form on either side of the stage, and Connor rushes on without his coat.)

Con. (Above the music.) Some one has fired the farm! and, oh! mother, Florence, we are ruined, entirely ruined.

Stone. (L. c., loudly, and with authority.) Sheriff, do your duty!

Pat. (Interposing.) If you lay your dirty fingers on a stick, I'll dust your jacket for yez.

(Jumps upon the table, and flourishes his shillelah—Honor faints on Neil, R. c.—Florence hides her head in Connor's bosom, R. c. The two girls rush to Florence, and Dan takes the young child in his arms, and kneels, exclaiming, "Ireland—Ireland!"—The glare of the conflagration illumines this affecting Tableau.)

END OF ACT I.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Landscape, covered with snow.—Cave, R. 3 E.—Bank R. 2 E.—Snow falling.—Music.

Enter STONE L. U. E.

Stone. Curse it, when I come to calculate on this business, I'm more like to be a loser than I thought. Well, my revenge is satisfied—that's something—but the old man, Dan O'Carolan, is too deep for me. No rioting, no blows, not even an abusive word; so that no excuse presented itself to fire upon one of 'em, or even commit 'em to prison. Where the devil can Slang, the London sharper, loiter? That's another curse; when you employ a rascal, you must put up with his insolence, although he's sure to take care and be well paid. Oh! here my gentleman is.

Enter SLANG, L. U. E.

Slang. Vell, Mr. Stone, haven't kept you vaiting, I hope, for I'm devilishly in want of the ready. Come, fork out—forty pounds.

Stone. Forty devils—forty pounds, indeed. For what, I should like to know?

Slang. Vy, Mr. Stone, I don't like to descend to particulars—but there's been a fire at Judy What's-her-name's, and there's been a few false oaths and there will be great want of my future services, and no mistake.

Stone. I said twenty—twenty pounds—you know I did. Curse it, there ought to be honour even among thieves!

Slang. No low language, Mr. Stone, if you please. 'Twould be setting a bad example for us



to think of honour; our trade would fall into disuse if we gave way to such fancies. The common thieves are getting too much of gentlemen already; and if so be they vonce put notions of honour into their heads, where the devil would such fellows as you get your dirty work attended to?

Stone. (R.) Not so much familiarity, friend Slang. (Loudly.) Do you take me for one of your own class?

Slang. (L.—pointedly.) Oh, no, nor half so brave and manly; so don't flare up, old one; but recollect, whatever I may be, I do the deed your cunning head plans, but your coward heart trembles to execute. So, no more mouth, but down with the dibs, or you know what!

(Music.—“Exile of Erin”—piano—till they enter.)

Stone. Hey!—what—what's that?

(Looks off L. 3 E.)

Slang. Vy, it's the poor souls that's burnt out, or rendered houseless by your seizure, about to depart from their native home, and seek a passage to America. Blow me if it don't make me feel queer, I thought that I had a heart that nothing could touch. Come, hand over the rhino, and let me be off.

(Snow falls rapidly.)

Stone. Well, well, but don't be so impatient—the party are close upon us—beneath this cavity I'll talk over the matter. I've another job on hand, and we'll settle for both together. Here, this way—this way.

[They enter the cavity, R.]

Enter NEIL CAROLAN, his aged father DAN, his wife HONOR, with knapsacks and bundles, L.—CONNOR walks hand in hand with FLORENCE, bearing all her luggage.—CHILDREN slowly moving on.—JUDY follows.—They all halt at the centre of the stage.

Dan. (c.) There's one comfort in the midst of all this—we've wronged no man of a single article, we've broke no law. Neil O'Carolan, remember there's gentle blood in your veins. Meddle or make with no scrimmagings nor midnight attacks. Rade the account of your ancestors, who drove away enemies three times their number and their force, back to their native shores, in shame, confusion, and defeat. But they met them front to front, nor maimed their foes' defenceless cattle in the dark.

Neil. (R. c.) It's my father spaking to me, and perhaps it's the last time I'll hear the sound of his aged voice. And is it yourself, wid your white hairs streaming to the night wind, and no cabin to cover ye from the frost and the snow, and ye preaching patience! Oh, father dear, ye're either less or more than man!

Honor. (R.) Neil, it's your good father speaking, and it's his last request. Promise him, and take that father's blessing.

Neil. (Takes his father's hand and kisses it.) Ye know what it is I mane. Ye've tould and taught me to respect my word. To the day of my death I'll do that same.

Dan. Ye've taken a load from my ould heart. And it's to the next port ye're going, to work your way to America? Come here, darlints.

(The family go up and converse, R.)

Judy. The ould man's spaches puts all the courage out of me entirely. Faith, but I'm no modern ancient hero, and I'll take no oath, save

and except if I do meet that Stone, I'll bate him to a powther, or he shall powther Judy O'Trot. Faith, but we'll see who's the best man of the two.

Enter PAT with bag, L. 1 E.—He looks at Judy mournfully.—He has a small bag of potatoes and a coarse rug over his arm.—He is pale and agitated.—Music, “The Exile of Erin.”

Pat. (L.) Judy, and is it yourself that's going to quit? and is it to say ye're going, and in such bitter weather? My heart's swelling in me till my body seems too small to hould it. Here's the thrife my mother has sent you, and you'll not break both our hearts by refusing to take 'em.

Judy. (R., Half whispering.) Pat, darlint, look to the childer; they're needing help, faith; but I'll do well enough. Look at the darlints.

Pat. Och, blue murder! I couldn't look in their faces and spake plain Irish; for something rises to my throat, and chokes my utterance entirely.

Judy. Pat, ye devil, ye're a broth of a boy.

(Offering money.)

Pat. Not a hap'orth, Judy. When the Carolans had mate, their neighbours shared it—and whin it came to praties and salt, they put 'em piping hot into my hand for my lame ould mother at home; and that made a mark here, that—there, do what ye like, Judy, wid the articles, and say that Pat Doherty sends his last love and compliments.

[Rushes out, L. 1 E.]

Judy. That Pat's an iligant boy, and one of father Dan O'Carolan's modern ancient heroes; which manes, I suppose, whin a poor Irishman gives his last blanket and potato to a poorer neighbour, he's shuperior if not equal to a duke or king. Och, but I shouldn't wonder if Pat's a gentleman in disguise, after all. Here, darlints!

(Goes up, and gives bag to her son, with blanket, importing that they are for the family.)

Dan. (Coming forward, c.) You've determined among yourselves to quit our dear native Ireland for America—the home of the oppressed! It's my advice that ye'll keep here as long as ye'll be able to hould body and soul together by honest industry. For myself, I still have hopes for ye; so lave some track in every village, how I'll find ye out. Spake no more—ye've had all I've got to give ye, and ye'll have my prayers while my aged frame is held together, and my sines will direct me. No more—no more!

(Air.—“Exile of Erin.”—All, as they part, turn, and cast looks of unutterable affection towards the old man.—He takes leave of Neil and Honor, Connor and Florence, who exeunt, R. 1 E., then Judy and the children.—He is so overcome by it, that he clings to them as Judy takes them off, R. 1 E., and sinks on his knees.)

They are gone! The last kith and kin of me are on their way to a foreign land! Neil, my good, my dutiful, my only boy! (Still looking towards their path.) The women, too, without one solitary comfort. Och, heavy will be their hearts when in this tempestuous night the childer will ask for sleep, and warmth, and food! (With horror.) Suppose the creatures perish in some snow-covered hole, and I be left alone—alone, to wander forth an aged beggar, searching through each bog and



vale for the mouldering remains of all the earth held dear to me. Oh, Heaven! in mercy save me from the horrid thought!

(Falls on the bank.—Music.—STONE and SLANG appear, R.—Stone places a scarlet purse on the ground, wrought with gold, so as to touch Dan's hand.)

Stone. I think this will take effect.

(They quietly go back into cave.)

Dan. (Rising, sees purse—seizes it.) Is it clear my eyesight is? a purse of gold. Ah, joy! my childer will be saved—my age will be consoled—I shall embrace them all again. Some humble hearth of mine will warm them, and—I'll rush and call them back! No, Dan, no—this gold is not your own; it must and shall be returned. Perhaps some luckless being, wretched as myself, deploras his loss. I'll to the nearest inn, and give it up. My heart is heavy, but I must bear up against it. Courage, Dan! Fortune may have power to make the peasant poor, but principle shall teach him to be honest.

[Exit, L.]

Stone. Shall it? then we must make haste before he reach the inn, or all my labour will have been in vain to trap him.

[Exit, followed by Slang, L.]

Enter HONOR and NEIL, R.

Neil. Honor, your courage does you credit. Large cities and splendid palaces may possess their ornaments and luxuries; but let those who value Heaven's best gift to man, a virtuous wife, look upon the humble peasant's partner, and own how kindly Providence has mingled sweetness even in his cup of bitterness—who is beggared, homeless, and ignorant where to seek a shelter for his houseless family.

Enter CONNOR, R.

Con. The evening lowers, and heavy flakes of snow will soon descend; where can Florence loiter? she was beckoned by my mother to come to her on the heath.

Enter BOY, L., with letter.

Boy. Is it yourself that's called Connor O'Flaherty, or are you another man?

Con. I see, by the address, that letter is for me.

(Takes it.)

Boy. You're a tight gentleman, and great good luck to ye, for I'll engage the lady will call me an elegant post.

[Exit, L.]

Con. This is a letter from my mother—who wrote it, I wonder?—requesting Florence to meet her alone. Not long since I saw her with my mother—what can this mean? Should there be treachery—

Enter PAT, hastily, L.

Pat. Oh, Neil, Neil O'Carolan! your ould father is in prison!

All. In prison!

Pat. On the oath of that middleman, Stone, and be damned to him. He swears ould Dan robbed him of a purse full of goold.

Neil. Eternal curses palsy the false tongue that uttered the disgraceful lie—a jail! my father in a jail! oh, we bear too much!

Con. Let's instantly return, procure sufficient implements to batter down the prison doors, and

seize upon the wretch who so long has wrought our woe.

Honor. Onward at once! women, girls, and even infants must rise at such injustice and barbarity.

Neil. (Kneels.) Never, from this hour, shall food or drink be taken by these lips, till my father gain his freedom. (Rises.) We'll rouse our friends to do us justice, as we pass along.

Con. And be our signal word—"Old Ireland and revenge!"

All. Revenge! revenge!

[Music.—They hurry out, L.]

SCENE II.—Old Oak Chamber, with a sliding panel-door in R. F. C.—picture on panel—a large chest, L. C.—a table, C.—screen on L.

Enter JUDY, door, C.

Judy. Faith, Judy, but you're a housebreaker, darlint, with a felonious intent to trap a Stone; sure, and this is a nate place to pop upon. I'll watch here like a cat after buttermilk, till I come across comfort for the poor sows that are travelling the country through frost and snow; and if I'm found out, I'll act like an ancient modern hero as I am.

Stone. (Without at the panel.) This way—this, I tell you, is the entrance.

Judy. Och! it is the Stone! (Sees walking-stick.) Faith, but here's a nate fly-duster—wouldn't I like to dust the coat of ould Stone wid this same.

Stone. (Without.) What the devil are you alarmed at?

Judy. Och, murther intirely! To the devil I pitch ye both; how will I find out poor ould Dan O'Carolan's fate, shut up here, like a pig in a pound? (Noise of spring.) That's ould Stone, picking his teeth—och, I'm ruined intirely, if I'm discovered! (Pops behind the screen.)

Enter STONE and SLANG, through the panel, R. C.  
Stone has a pair of pistols and key.

Stone. Come in Slang; why, man, you're as much alarmed as a nursery-child at the dreadful tale of Blue Beard, or the Ogre and the Seven-leagued Boots. The situation of this room, I tell you, is unknown to the family—and here, over a good bottle of wine for comfort—

(Puts pistols on the table, R.)

Slang. (Significantly.) And a good pair of pistols for safety. Mr. Stone, we may arrange our joint affairs; but, with your permission, we'll begin with mine first. If I carry, or cause to be carried, all the points for your secure possession of this property, and contrive your perfect safety without ansuspicion, I am to receive one hundred pounds?

Stone. Right, very right, Mr. Slang. One hundred pounds is the exact sum I agree to give.

Slang. Vell, now, then, we come to this here business at once. You must trust me, or I must trust you—a circumstance I by no means approve of; therefore, you have nothing to do but hand over the blunt.

Stone. Why, really, Mr. Slang, honour—

(Takes a key from his pocket, and unlocks the chest.)

Slang. There, never mind honour! hand over the mopusses, or there's an end of everything atween us.

Judy. (Aside.) Faith, but Mr. Slang's as big a rogue as Mr. Stone; ownly he has more brains in

his head. Och, you're a swate pair, as the devil said of his horns.

(*Stone taking money from the chest, and at the same time bringing out papers, which are laid on the table.*)

*Slang.* Come, come—this looks something like business; only let me touch the ready, and I'll drown, burn, or swear anything you like.

*Stone.* Well, well, there's fifty—that's half in advance, and you may save yourself the trouble of counting it, as it was paid me by Neil O'Carolan, and I always found his money and accounts to be quite correct.

*Judy.* The ould rogue spakes truth—I'd as soon expect a potato crop seven days in the week and two on a Sunday.

*Slang.* (*Aside.*) Go it, old one; I'll show you a trick worth two yet, when you least expect it. I'll pocket this on account, now; what is to be done, I should like to know.

*Stone.* I can't exactly point out the course that step by step you're to follow; but something whispers me, we're on the point of encountering more difficulties than we are quite aware of—who in the devil's name is that Frenchman? He has been sent here—there and everywhere—I have sometimes thought he is one of my lord's gambling-friends, or in plainer terms, a sharper with perhaps some claim upon the estate.

*Slang.* Well, but that needn't prevent your escape; what do you care about the estate, you can't run away with that, can you?

*Stone.* No, but I can run away with Florence O'Carolan, if nobody interferes—the ould man is safely lodged in jail—thanks to you for that, Slang. Now some scheme must be devised to separate the men from the women. Florence will easily become my prey, and if I can but get her safely on board the fishing-smack I've hired, I shan't stand nice about another hundred—

*Judy.* Och, the timpter—ould Nick will keep a score for you, and I'd like to be by at the settling-day.

*Stone.* We must beware of that she-devil in human shape, that cunning, contriving fiend, Judy O'Trot—why, man, she made her way up to London, and defeated half my plans.

*Judy.* Fait, I did that same, and maybe I'll do that same agin—my compliments to you, ould Stone. (*Drinks.*)

*Slang.* Nonsense—didn't I set fire to her cottage myself, and isn't she wagabondising far away with the rest of the poor devils?

*Stone.* I've my doubts—we can't be too careful—to secure the fishing smack, I've employed a desperate set of fellows to pinion ragged Pat, as he's called, and bring him here a prisoner.

*Slang.* What the devil are you going to do with the fellow? he'll be missed, and if he is traced, there'll be the devil to pay.

*Stone.* Traced, man—I only want to detain him here a few hours, till you and I can execute our scheme—we can return through the panel or by the door, which has been blown to by the wind—but above all other things attend to this, these papers you understand will do the deed—he that can empty a pocket skilfully, can fill one too.

*Slang.* I see—I understand—but a word with you, Mr. Stone. (*Leads him forward, R.—Judy pops from behind the screen, takes up several of the papers and pockets them with the pistols, then gets behind the screen.*) Now, these are my terms, my

only terms, I've seen bags of money in the trunk, and I'm determined to be well paid.

*Stone.* It's a hard case, that one rogue can't trust another—well—well—let's get clear of this job cleverly and I don't mind a few pounds. (*Noise at door.*) Look to the passage—'tis that hot-headed meddling devil Pat—bring him in. (*Exit Slang, by the panel.*) I'm surrounded by blood-hounds on every side—but I'll be more than a match for them all yet. (*Closes trunk.*) One of my torments is far enough off, I trust, that plague Judy O'Trot, with her hands eternally striking mischief at me. (*Music, pianissimo. Judy at this moment raps him over the head, she falls forward.*) What's that? there's some one behind the screen; I'll examine.

(*Music—he goes round slowly—Judy instantly pops into the chest—Stone folds up the screen, and puts it on one side.*)

*Enter SLANG, leading PAT, bound, through panel, R. C., who is placed with his back near the trunk.*

*Pat.* Bad manners to ye, Mr. Stone; is this the way ye trate an Irish gentleman? I'm one of the relations of St. Patrick, and he came of dacent people.

*Stone.* Don't flurry yourself, all this is done for your benefit; you'll not be kept long, it's merely to prevent your falling into mischief with the O'Carolans.

*Pat.* Look ye, ould white-wig; Dan O'Carolan will live in every Irishman's heart, when you and your memory will be spurned and trod upon—now, put that in your pipe and smoke it.

*Stone.* Ay, ay, just as I said—but he's fast bound and I can manage him—here, here, a word or two with you and then to business.

(*They talk apart with their backs to Pat—Judy opens trunk, unties Pat's arms, and puts pistol in his hand.*)

*Judy.* (*Aside.*) Here, Pat, ye divil ye! (*Pat hides pistol.*)

*Stone.* Go you and reconnoitre, while I lock this trunk, and then I'll follow. (*Locks trunk.*)

*Slang.* I'll keep a sharp lookout, and if anything can be done, why, Slang's the boy to do it.

(*Picks Stone's pocket of the key and shows it—crying “hem, ha,” and exit at the panel. Stone closes the door carefully.*)

*Stone.* Now, arn't you a beauty, Mr. Pat?

*Pat.* Fait, Mr. Stone, the leedies say that thing, and I'm mighty impatient to ax 'em not to break their hearts on my account. (*Shows pistol.*) Civility's ivyrything, ould Stone—show me out of this, my darling, or I'll blow the top of your roof off.

*Stone.* (*Aside.*) The pistol's gone—oh, certainly, Patrick; law, it was only my fun.

*Pat.* Och hone, your fun, was it? fait thin, I'll finish the joke—lead the way, Mr. Stone—och, Judy, you'll hear from me soon, darliut—lead on, Mr. Stone!

(*Points the pistol at him—he leads the way off through the door, L. C., very much frightened.*)

*Enter SLANG, through the panel, R. C.*

*Slang.* O ho, the ould un's gone, has he? and taken Pat with him, I suppose—well, never was rogue so neatly hit—I let him lock the chest, and then I nibbled the key. (*Puts it into key-hole.*) I

shall find rare hoards of the old rogue's treasuring, I warrant—now then for an agreeable surprise. (*Opens chest.*)

*Judy. (Rising.)* The top of the morning to ye, jewel; it's little you expect to meet Judy O'Trot, as handy a female lady as iver thread in two shoes—shut up your taty-trap and hop over the bogs, if you wish to escape the contents of this young gun. (*Pointing pistol.*)

*Slang. Oh, sartainly—this way, ma'am.*

[*Exit, followed by Judy, through door, c.*]

SCENE III.—*Snow landscape. (Same as Scene I.)*

*Enter SLANG, running, L.*

*Slang.* Was ever the knowing one so neatly taken in; that Judy O'Trot has trotted me finely, and a hard run I had to escape from her. Vell now, I must stick to old Stone's dirty work in spite of my teeth—for I've no money nor means, to escape from these wild Irish—the fifty I've secured, von't pay my debts of honour among my pals.

*Enter STONE, flurried, L.*

*Stone. Oh, Mr. Slang—Mr. Slang!*

*Slang. Oh, Mr. Stone—Mr. Stone!*

*Stone.* Were ever two men so infamously treated—but who's that? (*Looking L.*) The Frenchman again: what makes the fellow perpetually lurk about, watching our movements?

*Slang. Oh, curse him; some love affair, perhaps—talking of that, I've dispatched a note, pretended to be written by Judy O'Trot.*

*Stone.* Don't mention her name, it gives me an ague.

*Slang.* And me a crick in my neck—vell, Florence is requested to be at the lonely spot, near the prison, so you must make the most of that; I'll do the rest of the job, never fear—I'll manage to lay 'em all by the heels; I vant revenge, and I'll have it.

*Stone.* Right, Mr. Slang, very right—there's nothing like resolution and courage; I'll hide and watch this Frenchman—no, there's nothing like a bold heart.

*Slang.* Well, I know that nobody ever doubted my pluck. (*Judy sings without, L.*)

*Stone. } It's that dammed Judy O'Trot.*

*and } (Stone conceals himself, R.)*

*Enter JUDY, L., and whacks Slang with a shillelah—he runs off, R.*

*Judy.* Upon my faith and conscience as a lady, if that ould Stone's man isn't laping over the bogs like a grasshopper—och, but I'll give that illigant Pat a taste—that boy will be a man before his mother—he's nat'rally a ganius, and by my oath, he'll be one of the ancient modern heroes that Dan O'Carolan talks so much about—ha!—that the fureign Frinchman, that's always in two places at one time—fart, but I'll tackle him on the spot.

*Enter STRANGER, L.*

Does your honour and glory recollect Irish?

*Stran.* Ah, mais oui, madame. I understand all dat you say because you open your teeth and won't shut your mouth. Ah, mon dien, I spoke your tongue like a native born, on top des lands; ah, mais I know who is what—he, hey?

*Judy.* I'll try the crathur's heart—perhaps he'll

do Dan and the family a kind turn; I ax your honour's pardon, but I'm going to take a liberty wid you.

*Stran.* Mais, Madame Judy.

*Judy.* Had you iver a father and mother?

*Stran.* I don't know—cest a dire—I can't tell, but I believe my mother was a Frenchman, and my seven or nine fathers is French, Dutch, German—a great many more countries besides—eh bien, as soon as I can walk on my two legs, my mother walk away too, so I am left to get my life how I can; ainsi, je suis deveneur perquier, to dress the ladies' hair, or a tailor, to sew up your petticoat, or a maitre de danse—voyez, ah! I know the three Miss Graces, aha! (*Dances.*) I do everything to live, and above all, I'm always gay, toujours gay.

*Judy.* The cratur's brogue bothers me intirely—but as far as I can detict, you're English, you've come to this country on a visit to Castle Squander, bad manners to the absint owner.

*Stran.* Eh, who—which and what did you say?

*Judy.* Och, honey, I've an Irishman's heart, ready to give while there's anything to share—but warm at the injuries of the poor; the Carolans, where you was reaceived, when you pitched your horse over the hills, are stripped, plundered, and in danger of losing their lives from false oaths—for the ould man lies in Tipperary jail, on a charge of robbery. Faith, but it's true enough, and I'm thinking, as ye danced and jigged and slept under their roof, it's little less that ye can do but put your head and your hands to work to pull 'em out of the mnd.

*Stran.* Par ici—dis way. (*Whispers Judy.*)

*Judy. (Astonished.)* Little is it Judy ivir expected to hear the likes of this, and it's all this ye'll do if I bould my tongue and shut my mouth to ivery mother's son, man, woman, or child? (*Stranger nods.*) Upon my conscience I'll do that thing, though shutting my mouth is like breaking my heart intirely. [*Exit Stranger, R., with an action of injunction.*] Och, niver fear, a nod's as good as a wink to a blind horse!

*Enter FLORENCE, running, L.*

*Flo.* Ah, Judy, is it there ye are? (*Judy nods.*) Not speak! (*Judy shakes her head.*) Oh, heaven, will you desert me too? That fiend in human shape pursues me. I'll seek my father's prison!

[*Rushes out, R.—Stone observes Florence, and hurries off, R., unperceived by Judy.*]

*Judy.* Och, if—  
(*She suddenly stops her mouth.—Music.*)

*Enter NEIL, L.*

*Neil.* Where is my father? This way leads to the county jail, or I'm mistaken.

(*Judy nods and points.—Exit Neil, R.*)

*Enter HONOR, L., crossing to her.*

*Honor.* What ails our friend—are ye speechless?

(*Judy takes Honor's hand, and shakes her head to signify "No," and points. Honor exits, R.*)

*Enter CONNOR, L.*

*Conn.* Hath not Florence passed this way? (*Judy nods.*) And that villain, Stone? (*Judy points.*) Since my mother will remain thus obsti-



nately mute, we'll rush and rescue our devoted friends.

[Exit, R.]

Enter PAT, L.

Pat. Faith, Judy, but it's yourself! (She nods.) I'm thinking, Judy, when they write the next history of Ireland they'll put down our names as ancient and modern heroes. (She nods.) Sure, Judy, ye're trying whether your body's safe on your head. What do ye mane wid your—(Imitates her.) There's old Stone, and the O'Carolans, and a row; and wouldn't it be a shame to the likes of us to see all the dacent people get black eyes and broken heads, and ourselves widout a scratch! They'll niver crack a crown ginteely without Paddy Whack and Judy. And so, if ye won't speak, will ye run? (She nods.) That's it; now then for the scrimmage.

[Exit Judy, R.]

SONG.—PAT.

[Exit Pat, R.]

SCENE IV.—Jail, half-dark.—Hole to break—stones to fall out.

DAN O'CAROLAN discovered on a straw bed.

Dan. What is it they'll be doing next wid me? Could I be assured of my children's safety, I'm thinking life would be hardly worth a struggle—but the honest name of O'Carolan has never yet been stained by infamy; and though, for bare example's sake, I've striven to subdue or hide the injuries that fired my soul, lest the warmth of temper, so proverbial among our peasantry, should burst into a flame, and bring the vengeance of the law upon us—yet here, nnpitied and alone, I can't but feel how savagely the tyrants grip me.

(Music.—A part of the wall is broke, and a stone falls.)

Pat. (Poking his head through.) Och, Dan, Dan! they're coming to release you out of the straw. Think of that, and keep up your heart.

Dan. Bid them, from Dan O'Carolan, to desist. Can the weight of their chains lighten mine. For the love of ould Ireland, bid them begone in peace and safety to their homes. Let them show their love to me by strict obedience to the law.

Pat. But the middleman has got possession of your daughter Florence.

Dan. No, no—say no, or I shall dash my brains out against the stone pavement here.

Pat. Indeed, but it's too true, Daniel dear!

Dan. Nature can bear no more. My heart will burst it's dwelling-place. Bid my friends to gain me liberty at every risk. (Florence screams without—a pause.) My child insulted! what can I do—wretched, and a prisoner? (Kneels.) Hear a father, stricken by despair and anguish! Smite the coward villain to the centre, who has dared to raise his impure thoughts to injure innocence! Oh, palsy the atrocious hand that smites the poor and mocks their miseries!

(Music.—A crash, and the door, L. 3. E., is thrown open.—FLORENCE runs in, and falls at Dan's feet.—STONE rushes in after, but is smitten down instantly by Dan with the prison-stool.—A great uproar without.—NEIL, PAT, and CONNOR rush in the door.)

Neil. Let's hasten from this cursed spot, and wreak a full revenge upon our ruthless enemies.

Dan. Mark me! Thou art spared thy worthless life, because thou'rt helpless, undefended, and alone.

Stone. The soldiers are without, and I'll give the signal. They're yet in my power.

(Stone rises and whistles.—Soldiers rush on and present.—At this moment PAT rushes in and knocks up their guns—they fire into the air.—Tableau.)

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Exterior of Jail.

Enter JUDY, L.

Judy. Oh! bad luck to ould Stone, it's not his fault that the souldiers didn't blow us all to smithereens and sparables—if I iver catch him alone by himself, it's cracked that Stone will be. (Looks off, R.) Whist, Judy, talk of the divel, and straight-way he's at your elbow. Aisey, aisey!

(Hides herself behind wing, L.)

Enter SLANG, running, R.

Slang. Vell, I'm precious glad I've got out of that row, and I'll take werry good care that I'll have no more to do with these here wild Irish natives, I'll hook it! and retire to the civilized regions of Petticoat Lane, with the fruits of my honest industry. I've got old Stone's money, and when he gets it back, why much good may it do him. I should like to give him von dig afore I go, 'cos I hates a screw, and old Stone's—

(Judy has slowly advanced, shaking her shillalah.)

Judy. Down on your marrowbones and confess your sins, you misbegotten spalpeen—for your last hour has come, Mister Slang—I hope you have made your will, and that you are prepared to die aisey—one, two, and three said—you'll give up the ghost.

Slang. (Kneeling.) Oh, if you please Mrs. Native, don't be after hitting me when I'm down—I'm going to my native wales in Vitechapel with the hard-earned fruits of my 'onest hindustry, to my wife and 'elpless horphans, so good Mrs. Native, have mercy.

Judy. You waggerbone, when did your rascally old Stone of a master ever have mercy? so stand up till I knock you down, if you please.

(Seizing him.)

Slang. I won't get up to be knocked down, so I tells you. As for old Stone, I've done with him; he wants me to appear in court and testify against that poor old ancient Irish Hibernian, but I won't do it—old Stone may sink, I don't like the smell of a court of justice, it always makes me werry ill.

Judy. What does the ould sinner want you to say?

Slang. I'm to swear that the poor old buffer boned a purse of quids.

Judy. A what?

Slang. Faked some rhino—

Judy. If you don't spake plain English, by my sowl—

(Raising her shillalah.)

Slang. Vell, then, I'm to swear the old 'un priggid his purse full of gold, but I knows werry well he didn't, as I saw him put it on the ground



against his hand, in the hopes that the old chap would put it in his pocket, that he might charge him with stealing it.

*Judy.* And you know this?

*Slang.* In course I does.

*Judy.* Well, then, you shall go and make all clear, and spake the truth against ould Stone.

*Slang.* Vot vill you give me?

*Judy.* I don't know what I'll give you if you do spake the truth; but as sure as a pig makes pork, I'll not lave one bone in your whole carcass as big as a tinnenny nail if you don't testify the truth before the justices in this case; so come along, for it's good for your sowl and body, I can tell you.

*Slang.* Vell, Mrs. Native, I'll do it—if I don't, blow me tight.

*Judy.* Hurroo! then come along and see a stone cooked. Ould Ireland for iver!

*Slang.* Petticoat Lane for iver! and down with ould Stone.

[*Exeunt, shouting, L.*]

SCENE II.—*A Hall of Justice. Table covered—papers and writing materials arranged.*

MAGISTRATE seated in centre—DAN, R., NEIL, R. C., HONOR, CONNOR, R. C. up stage, PAT and PEASANTS prisoners—STONE and SOLDIERY, L., STRANGER seated L. of table.

*Mag. (C.)* We need only now repeat the evidence against these prisoners. Robbery and encouragement to riot has been proved against you, aged man, whose years and former station in life ought to have taught you better things—papers and articles of value have been found upon the persons of his whole family, whom I am pressed to bind over, to take their trial in the adjoining town.

*Dan. (R.)* It's heard we may be, surely, before we are imprisoned and disgraced on the word of the middleman, Stone, who has sworn to the deeds which we are said to have committed.

*Mag.* Yes, sir, he has sworn to a series of outrages, which, when proved, must involve the whole of you in a most disgraceful death, or at the very least, transport you from your native land for ever. *(The women make an action of horror and surprise.)* And it's impossible to suppose Mr. Septimus Stone, the respectable representative of Lord Squander, could, from any unworthy motive, perjure himself here.

*Stone. (Pulling out his handkerchief.)* I declare, with tears in my eyes—

*Mag. (To Stone.)* Yes—yes—no doubt, but this is not the time—well, sir—*(to Dan)*—what is it you wish to say to that respectable gentleman?

*Dan.* Not a word. You have been pleased to say it is impossible that Mr. Stone should utter perjury; that, sir, is at once to pass a condemnation upon us. Now, sir, it is clear that you know nothing of this case. I know who is perjured; Mr. Stone can tell where perjury lies, and the fountain of Eternal Justice can detect the well-dressed lie—not you—therefore, sir, be guarded in your speech, for justice is but awful, while she is impartial.

*Prisoners.* Shame, shame!

*Dan* Who interrupts this court? Neil O'Carolan, you were one; you—my only son. It is this wild impatience that hath done more injury to Ireland than all her secret or her open foes could ever hope to effect—we are in a court of justice—

respect the place, respect the representative, since he sits forth the type of that last great court, where judges will be tried for every judgment they have given—where the tongues of perjurers will cleave to their false mouths, and where the honest poor shall hear of poverty no more.

*Mag.* Your reproof, sir, was well given to your son; the insolent interruptions applied to the course of law, are everywhere complained of.

*Dan.* Ah, I know the faults of all our peasantry. I have devoted night and day in striving to subdue that heat of spirit which ensnares them to their ruin. The generous delusion more than half my countrymen indulge in, have made them tools of a few speculators—what else but violence can make or keep them what they are? Have they not genius, perseverance, honesty, proverbial kindness to the stranger, courage in the fight, and mercy to the fallen? No one denies it—no one dare deny it; but the impatient spirit that cannot, will not brook an hour's contradiction, ruins all. Artful men, whose interest it is to paint them as uncivilized barbarians, secretly excite them on to wrong, and often are the very first to swear away their lives for evils which the traitors have invented, and induced the open-hearted peasant to enact; oh, sir, I know their faults, but I consider their temptations, too.

*Mag.* Mr. Stone has sworn to the purse, and the purse and money were found in your pocket.

*Dan.* All this is true—the money I found, and Heaven forgive me if I wrong that man—but I sorely judge he put it close beside me at a trying hour—but no one being near, I placed it in my pocket, to return it safely to the owner.

*Mag.* You must make that appear. Besides, the castle has been robbed of sundry papers, which were found upon the person of your son and those arrested.

*Neil.* Placed there by treachery, which none of us can here explain.

*Mag.* Well, that, too, must be proved by stronger evidence than mere assertion. As for yonder ragged ruffian, he attempted to intimidate Mr. Stone by threats and fire-arms.

*Pat.* Here, your honour, I'm the ragged boy, but I'm the innocent boy. Mr. Stone is the biggest rogue of the two. Och, great luck to you, Dan—make a speech for the likes of me.

*Dan.* Truth is the best eloquence. Patrick, speak the truth, and stand to the consequence.

*Pat.* I'll speak the truth, Dan; onwly I don't want to be hanged for it. Ould Stone bound my arms behind me, so that I couldn't move, when Judy O'Trot gave me the pistol, and I frightened ould Stone into a fit.

*Mag.* Oh, you confess it. You're a pretty fellow, to be evidence against yourself.

*Pat.* Against myself! och, but that's a mistake intirely—for I'm aot wanting to be hanged, on account of four women, three out of 'em I promised to marry.

*Mag.* You have violated the law, by forcibly bursting open the county prison doors, to release a prisoner confined for highway robbery.

*Pat.* I axes your honour's pardon—I'll spake. It was I that broke a hole into the wall wid my nat'ral head, to tell ould Dan the boys were at hand, to rescue Florence, his daughter, from the clutches of Ould Nick—that's to say, from ould Stone, so don't go to blame other innocent boys for what Pat has done.

Neil. Our father was wrongfully imprisoned.

Honor. And we were persecuted by the unrelenting agent of our absent landlord.

Con. Florence, his daughter, deceived, and then attacked, for the worst of purposes; while her father, secured in prison, was unable to assist her.

Dan. Silence, lads—I, alone—old Daniel Carolan, by command and by entreaty, caused the sudden opening of my prison; but he that had imprisoned me had also stolen my child. There is no law at least for such an act as that, and if there were, no husband—father—friend, or man could yield obedience to it. Indeed, all laws that seek to check the sympathies of human nature, will be defied and broken.

Magistrate. No more. Have you aught to say, Mr. Stone, ere I give orders for the committal of these prisoners?

Stone. Only that I received this letter from the hands of yonder foreigner, whom I invited to this court. This will prove how fully I am trusted by my absent lord.

Dan. Ah, this is the fruitful source whence spring all the evils of the poor. Not content to wring the last effort of his ceaseless toil away to spend on parasites in foreign lands, no appeal is left for his tax-eaten and over-laboured tenantry. Thus the peasant has no protection for his daughters against the infamy of the middleman, who, armed with letters of authority, can, in an insolent fit of spleen or vengeance, heap wrong on wrong, until the goaded tenant, stung to madness, violates the law. The agent writes a full description of the violence, but cunningly conceals the cause. Terror takes possession of the landlord, and he remains an absentee, impressed with the belief that he should find no security for life or property among his tenantry. The agent triumphs and the peasant falls.

Mag. All this affords you no excuse for violence. Mr. Stone is no such man.

Dan. Yes, sir, he is even such a man—I attest it there.

Enter JUDY, L.

Judy. Och, and is it there you are? (To Stone.) Sure, and I've had my tongue tied up for the likes of ye long enough. Won't I give it a holiday, and no Act of Parliament shall stop my liberty of spache hereafter. You're a rogue, and here's one can prove it—(Leads in FLORENCE, R., who rushes to Dan, R.)—and here's another.

Enter SLANG, L.

Stone. Ah, my good friend, Mr. Slang. Then all is right.

Slang. I told you before, Mr. Stone, that I don't approve of no such familiarities. I came here to do certain work for a certain sum of money, but finding as how you was shy of tipping, I took a much larger sum to write down the truth, vich, as I couldn't sign with my name, I set my mark to. There it is. Mr. Stone, I thinks as how you're in for it. Which is the way to Botany Bay, Mr. Stone?

[Exit, L.]  
Stone. I beg your worship to consider that Slang is a fellow of no character—that he has been bribed to this atrocious act—and my lord—

Stran. (Casting off cloak.) Is here! I, sir, am ready to enter into securities for these oppressed but upright men. Disguised, I have watched your footsteps, for I could never credit half the villainy imputed to you. To that warm-hearted woman's resolution you owe my visit here. Her story has spread in London, and will shame many an absentee to see and act alone in his affairs. Much-injured Irishmen, your oppressor shall be given to your power. I have already directed that your depositions should be taken against this man.

Dan. (Raising his hand quietly but majestically, which induces a solemn silence.) We are satisfied with justice. Revenge inhabits not the breasts of generous men. Let him owe his safety to the mercy of the very beings to whom no act of mercy ever was shown. As husbands, fathers, and as honest men, no words are strong enough to show our deep extent of scorn and sorrow at your conduct; but go, repent, amend! As Christians, we forgive you.

[Exit Stone, L. I E., followed by Soldiers.]  
Stran. Few be my words. To Castle Squander I invite you all until you various leases can be executed, nor shall one Irish peasant on this wide estate henceforth have cause to say the evils that oppress us are caused by an absentee.

Dan. (Delighted, unconsciously offers his hand to Lord Squander, who warm'y seizes it.) Take the warm but honest grasp of one whose heart loves all that will befriend his injured countrymen; and let ould Daniel hope that the banishment of the middleman, the return of the absentee, and justice to the peasant, may insure the favour and protection of the friends of old Ireland.

(Music—"St. Patrick's Day.")

CURTAIN.

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